

POTOSI JOURNAL

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Gov. Major has returned from his vice presidential electioneering trip, his race being about finished.

The shooting of the leaders in Irish revolt will not win England any love for magnanimity and humanity.

The Democrats will renominate Woodrow Wilson by acclamation, and the people will defeat him with joyous acclaim.

Get down to grapejuice, Woodrow, the Methodist preachers have resolved against the wine on the White House table.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch must be trying to qualify for the head of the dampfool class when it asserts that a vote cast against Wilson is a vote for the kaiser.

Our Democratic friends will have a greater interest in the result of the Progressive party convention this year than in the outcome of either the other big party gatherings.

We haven't "got" Villa yet, either dead or alive, but our soldiers are to be withdrawn from Mexico within the next two months in any event. The President is standing "firm" again.

The state officials refuse to let anyone see the present condition of the state treasury. We don't blame 'em, the present condition of the treasury is too nude to be paraded with decency.

Gov. Major maintains that the state treasury is all right. The difficulty seems merely to be that there isn't money enough in it for other things after the families on the payroll have got their's.

Martial law has been declared in the Pennsylvania strike district. Sounds like war, what? But those terrible Germans have been plotting to make labor here dissatisfied. Shoot the strike full of holes, we can't have anything interfere with flow of war material to our British friends.

The pro-British press of the eastern section of this country got a shock from the presidential preference vote cast for Henry Ford in Michigan and Nebraska. It also got an eye opener to the effect that the people out there weren't strong for being rushed into war as the ally of any foreign power.

The Maxim Munitions Corporation has bought the exclusive manufacturing rights to Dr. Ehrlich's gasoline substitute. This means we'll have a fat chance of getting a cheap motor fuel. We wonder how far the Standard Oil directorate overlaps that of the Maxim Corporation? Your Uncle Samuel has been asleep at the switch again.

The time for holding the great national party conventions is drawing near. What the Democrats will do at their's is already settled, so the main interest of the public will be centered on the Republican convention at Chicago and Roosevelt. The Progressive party will meet at Chicago on the same date that has been selected by the Republicans. There will be nothing to the Progressive gathering but Roosevelt. So far the country is still at sea as to the man the Republicans will name for president, except that it will not be Roosevelt. That seems to be pretty well settled by the complexion of the Republican delegates already selected. The possibility that this convention will be stamped to the Colonel is too remote to be seriously entertained. But who is the man the man the Republicans can nominate that the Colonel would endorse in his convention? That's the rub. The Colonel's convention is simply going to mark time until the Republicans have acted. Roosevelt might root for Root, but we don't see anyone else within view who might suit his fancy. When he called Justice Hughes a "whispered Wilson," he put his stamp of dis-

approval on the Judge. If the Republican nominee don't suit Colonel he will probably nominate himself on the Progressive ticket. But maybe the Republicans can get along without him.

There is something wrong with the "grandest prosperity the country has ever known" when thousands upon thousands of workmen go out on strikes for better wages while that "prosperity" prevails. The wage earner thus announces that he hasn't been sharing in it so far, and that he is going to make an effort to get it. The war in Europe has boomed certain lines of industry in this country and great profits have been made for the stockholders in those industries, but labor has gained nothing from it. In fact, in spite of the wage increases in some lines, labor is really worse off today than it was before the war business boom began, for along with this boom the price of pretty nearly all the necessities of life has also gone a-booming. The 20 or 25 per cent wage advances that have been granted to some of the industrial workers has been more than offset by the rise in the cost of living. Our growing list of multi-millionaires has grown richer from this peculiar brand of prosperity, heralded by the Democratic press as bearing the copyright label of that party (not genuine without the signature of Woodrow Wilson), but the masses have found themselves growing poorer. Why ring the joybells giving tidings of a 10 per cent wage gain when the beneficiary is held up and relieved of it as soon as he steps out of his door with the market basket? The "grandest prosperity the country has ever known" is a calamity to the masses, instead of beneficence, under such conditions.

The price of sugar keeps on going up, the small consumer now paying about 10 cents pound for ordinary granulated, and there is no indication in sight that he is going to get it cheaper very soon. Meanwhile he keeps on asking the cause of this advance. A circular letter from Phil Eastman, of Topeka, Kan., secretary of the Western Sugar Beet Growers' Association, informs us that during the closing days of April, last, \$50,000,000 worth of raw sugar (Cuban cane) was concentrated in New York. Held up there by order of the sugar board refiners waiting for the "free sugar" to go into effect, which the Democratic tariff law had scheduled for May 1st, in expectation of beating the government out of the revenue on the sugar duties under the old law. Congress, however, repealed the sugar clause of the present tariff at the last moment to save the sugar revenue. The withholding of such a vast quantity of sugar from the market has undoubtedly played a large part in the present rise in the price of the commodity. So you perceive that Democratic tariff tinkering has directly affected your pocketbook in a way quite the reverse from that promised you in the Democratic platform. There is something else to be gathered from this hold up of raw sugar by the refiners, it gives the lie to the contention that sugar prices have been forced up by a shortage of supply and the demand in Europe. There is enough illumination in those facts to guide the American consumer to the conviction that he is the victim of a strong-arm holdup, not only on his sugar purchases alone, but on everything else he has to buy, by the price fixing combinations that control the supplies. And President Wilson and the Democratic congress shut their eyes to the deed, so flagrantly perpetrated. We are a lot of dubs to stand for it.

You Good.
"I hear you're thinking of buying a new car."
"Yes, my chamberlain complains that the old one doesn't get out of mud any more."

FOR U. S. SENATOR

Those who know Walter S. Dickey know that he is, first of all, a patriot and after that a Republican whose devotion to his party is based on his conviction that it stands for what is best in Nation and State and who is therefore incapable of being swayed from party loyalty by any consideration of merely personal ambition or aggrandizement, either for himself or anybody else. That's the sort of Republican Walter S. Dickey has always been. He gave the party more than thirty years of unselfish and forceful service before he became a candidate for favors at its hands. Mr. Dickey is a candidate for the nomination for United States Senator because assurances have come to him from all parts of the state that his nomination will strengthen the ticket and help to guarantee its victory. He considers that no man ought to be nominated for any office unless he is the strongest man that can be chosen for that place, because he regards Republican victory this year of more importance than any man's personal ambition.

He Loved a Mule.

Remember a Missouri Ruralist editorial about Uncle Rile and his pink mules? Uncle Rile was the old timer who owned a large acreage of valuable land still allowed his worn old wife to carry water uphill from the well. And the well didn't even have a pump; she had to draw the water hand over hand when the well rope, ice coated, almost froze her shaky fingers. If you remember, also, Uncle Rile had a team of prize mules. A few years ago he won a prize with them and immediately they took on a fictitious valuation. For years, holding the team at \$500, Uncle Rile refused to allow these matched mules to be worked, therefore they ran in the pasture or paddock, living on the fat of the land. And the old wife, with only the barest of necessities in the home, still carried water in her little bucket from the pasture well. Uncle Rile couldn't afford a pump, but he could afford the luxury of a \$500 span of mules.

Uncle Rile died the other day. It seems queer that Aunt Polly survived him, for she was bent and frail and the old man seemed like iron. But she lived to see those pink mules sell for a paltry \$100 each, when all the accumulated property of years was auctioned off. Aunt Polly is to live with her prosperous son. I wonder if she will have a better home? And looking back over all the years of toil will she remember the tragedy of a worn life and go on forgiving to her grave? Or, woman like, will she forget all else except the memory of the days when Uncle Rile was kind? I wonder.

The epitaph that I should like to write for Uncle Rile is this: "He Loved a Mule." Unloved he lived, unmourned he died. Does he still look for Aunt Polly coming up the hill with cool water for his burning lips? More than one farm home has seen a tragedy like this. There's more in life than the possession of a prize team or the accumulation of added acres. I should dislike to have an epitaph like Uncle Rile's above my final resting place—Missouri Ruralist.

Why Shoot the Wrong Men?

There is just one criticism that seems pertinent, now the British Government has resorted to execution as a means for discouraging rebellion. No one will object to the method, but there will be those who will feel that the wrong man has been shot. Is it difficult to imagine how great would be the reassurance in every quarter where Allied fortunes are followed with hope and concern if, instead of shooting the President of the Irish Republic and accepting the resignation of the Chief Secretary for Ireland, the government's course had been exactly reversed.—New York Tribune

CALL AGAIN, PLEASE.

"You proposed marriage to my sister, I believe?" asked the blond one.
"Yes, I did," replied the young man with his hat in his hand.
"And she refused you?"
"She did."
"Oh, well, I hope your not through with the family."—Ex.

Farmer Has To Pay

Taxes On Everything.

Farmers in the South often wonder why the supply merchant and the banker get rich so fast and the working farmer continues to get poorer. In Mississippi the law levies a tax on farm improvements, farm machinery, livestock, poultry and personal property of all kinds. These taxes bear heavily on the farmer who is working on the land for a living. Also, the law levies a tax on merchandise of all kinds, and a number of taxes on merchants for the privilege of selling various articles of merchandise. These taxes on the country merchant are all paid in the end by the farmer who buys the merchandise. The merchant simply counts these taxes as a part of his expenses (which they really are) and adds them to the price of the goods. He has to do this if he wants to make enough profit to justify him in staying in the business. So the farmer who buys the goods, pays the taxes on them.

The law levies a tax on money, the capital stock of banks, the bank's buildings and the bank's furniture and fixtures. The bank counts all these taxes as part of its expenses in doing business, so it charges more for the money it lends to the farmer, thereby making the farmer pay the bank's taxes.

If a farmer buys a piece of land and pays half cash for it and borrows the other half of the purchase price, the farmer then has to pay the taxes on the land and pay the bank's taxes also. If he buys machinery and tools for his farm he has to pay the merchant's taxes and then pay taxes on these same articles over and over again.

If personal property and improvement on land were exempted from taxation, the farmer's taxes would be small.—The Ground Hog.

A SIGHT WORTH SEEING.

Pat and Bridget were just being married, and the whole village was astir. Pat was resplendent in a tall coat (borrowed), patent leather boots (toe tight for him), a white vest and a bright green tie. Bridget shown gloriously in all the colors of the rainbow. The faithful words were spoken and the happy couple walked down the aisle and out into the street, where a great crowd greeted them with cheers. At last they were safely escorted in their cab, and Bridget sank back with a sigh of satisfaction.

"Sure, Patrick," she said sadly, "there's only one thing I regret."

"What's that, me darlin'?"

"If we only could have stood on the pavement and watched ourselves pass—wouldn't it have been heavenly?"

County Clerk's Notice of Primary Election.

State of Missouri, County of Washington, ss.
County Clerk's Office.
In accordance with sections 5867 and 5868, Revised Statutes of Missouri, 1909, notice is hereby given that the following are the offices for which candidates are to be nominated at the primary election to be held at the regular polling places in each precinct of Washington County, Missouri, on the first Tuesday in August, it being August 1st, 1916, to be voted for at the general election to be held on Tuesday, the 7th day of November, 1916: Senator in Congress for Missouri, Governor, Lieutenant-Governor, Secretary of State, State Auditor, State Treasurer, Attorney General, Judge Supreme Court, Division No. 1, Judge Supreme Court, Division No. 2 (unexpired term), Judge St. Louis Court of Appeals, Representative in Congress for Thirteenth District, Judge of Circuit Court for the Twenty-first Judicial District, Member of the House of Representatives of Missouri General Assembly, COUNTY OFFICERS, Judge of the County Court, First District, Judge of the County Court, Second District, Prosecuting Attorney, Sheriff, Assessor, Treasurer, Surveyor, Public Administrator, Coroner, Justice of the Peace Bellevue Township (short term), one, Justice of the Peace Concord Township (short term), one, Justice of the Peace Johnson Township (short term), one, Justice of the Peace Kingston Township (short term), one, Justice of the Peace Richwoods Township (short term), one, Justice of the Peace Liberty Township (short term), two, Constable in each township, Committeeman in each township. Given under my hand and official seal at my office in the city of Potosi, Mo., this 8th day of May A. D., 1916.
GEO. NOONAN, Clerk of the County Court.

Statement of Ownership.

Statement of ownership, management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of the Potosi Journal, published weekly at Potosi, Missouri, for April 1, 1916.

State of Missouri, County of Washington, ss.
Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared F. M. Deggendorf, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the owner of the Potosi Journal, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations; that the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor and business manager are—

Editor, F. M. Deggendorf, Potosi, Mo.
Managing editor, same.
Business manager, same.
Publisher, same.

Not a corporation, individually owned by F. M. Deggendorf, Potosi, Mo.
No bonds or other securities issued.

F. M. DEGENDORF.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 6th day of April, 1916.

JAS. A. SHIELDS, Notary Public.
My term expires May 3, 1919.

What Cathedral Means.
James Lane Allen has avowed that his purpose in writing "A Cathedral Singer," the new romance, is to establish the new Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York more securely in the heart of the nation.

Nothing that man has ever been able to build, he says, is loved for so many reasons as a cathedral. It is loved for its spiritual meaning, for the art that enters into its structure, for the action of nature upon it through sunlight and rain, and the brief mortality of the blossom on its walls.

But it is above all the literature which gathers about a cathedral, Mr. Allen says, that makes it loved, hating it to innumerable human lives and transfiguring it to human affection.

American literature entering the service of our great cathedral can complete its destiny as an American cathedral, Mr. Allen believes.

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You will find our banks efficient in all particulars to handle your banking business.

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ROYAL ADMIRER OF AMERICA

Queen Sophia of Greece Invariably Employs Architects Trained in This Country.

Queen Sophia of Greece is a great admirer of American country homes and knows many of our finer places well, remarks the Saturday Evening Post. She takes regularly all our publications devoted to country life, and studies in detail our methods of landscape gardening, tree culture and floral display. She thinks we have the most cheerfully and brilliantly beautiful homes in the world—"brilliantly cheerful" was her phrase, in fact—and is trying to adapt American ideas to the ornamentation of the royal residences not only in the country, but in Athens as well.

Her majesty does us the honor to employ American architects on all the buildings in which she is personally interested, and an American has made the plan for the model Greek hospital which she hopes to build as soon as the funds accumulate. There are practically no Greek nurses and no training school for nurses in Greece, and as it is a part of her majesty's plan to have such a school in connection with the new hospital when it is built, she has a dozen or more Greek girls in the United States now being trained at her personal expense in one or two of our hospitals and at a school in Boston for teachers and supervisors' positions.

"DEAD" MAN WRITES HOME

His Sister Had Taken a Spiritualist Medium's Assurance of a Tragedy.

A letter received in Baltimore from the British trenches in France put the nose of one spiritualist medium in that city out of joint. The letter was from a man who, the medium declared several months ago, was dead.

The medium disclosed the sad news to Mrs. Emma Herman, who sought information of her brother, Mrs. Herman accepted the medium's word and went into mourning.

The letter was received by Police Captain Henry from "Sergeant Ho-

MAN, NO. 22734, MARKET COOK, COMPANY A, Seventeenth battery, R. M. M., British expeditionary force, France," asking for information of his brother, who is a patrolman. Sergeant Herman is the brother of Mrs. Herman, who has been mourning him as dead.

Just as Fond of Monkeys.
The number of famous literary men who are now serving in his majesty's forces is so great that the happy idea has been conceived of publishing a book, the contributors to which are all celebrated authors who have become soldiers.

Among the long list of names to be found in the volume, one of the best known is that of Mr. A. E. W. Mason, the novelist.

Formerly, Mr. Mason was a member of parliament, and he tells of a man who wrote a certain M. P. asking for a ticket of admission to the gallery of the house of commons.

The M. P. wrote back saying that he was very sorry that he could not send the ticket because the gallery was closed.

The next day, he was astonished to receive from the stranger the following note: "As the gallery is closed, will you please send me six tickets for the zoo?"—Exchange.

No Wonder She Chinked.
In a name there was embarrassment for one woman. Her name was Mrs. Fish. In the lobby of a Broadway hotel she met Mrs. Roach, and while she was conversing with her along came Mrs. Crabb. "Why, this is a pleasure, Mrs. Fish," breezily said Mrs. Crabb. Mrs. Fish saw the embarrassment of the situation and hesitated before introducing Mrs. Crabb to Mrs. Roach. And when she did Mrs. Crabb, who was a youthful matron, saw the humor of the situation and gave vent to a loud chuckle. Mrs. Roach was a dignified woman who had crossed the Rubicon of life. She froze up immediately. "Who is this notorious person, Mrs. Fish?" she asked, at the same time giving Mrs. Crabb the icy stare. "I must be going, anyway; so glad to have met you." And as Mrs. Roach departed Mrs. Fish and Mrs. Crabb, who were both young enough to be in the swim, laughed hysterically.

READ THE POTOSI JOURNAL. \$4.00